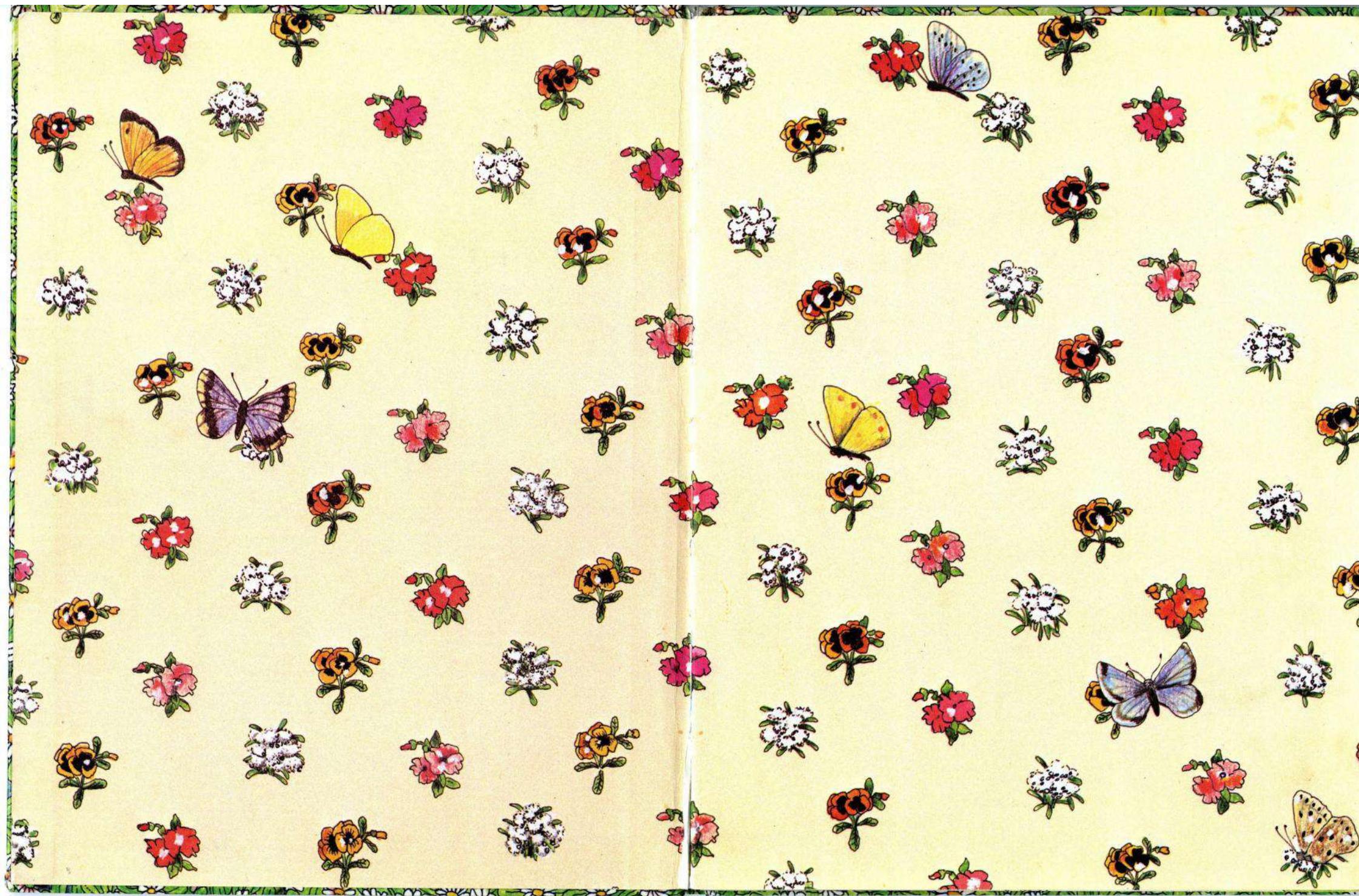


Grandfather Gregory

Anne Wellington
Pictures by Nita Sowter





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Grandfather Gregory lived in a cottage at the end of a very long lane. At the back of the cottage was a garden shed, with a big green wheelbarrow in it.

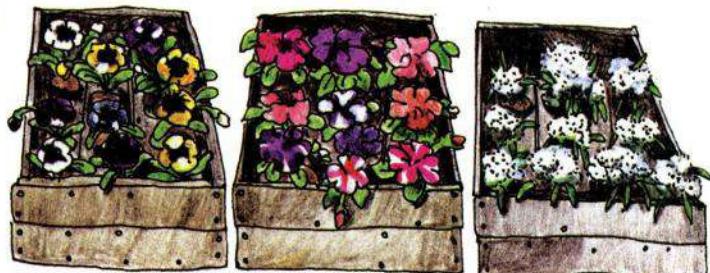
In front of the cottage was a large round flower-bed, with *nothing* in it. The flower-bed was empty.

Grandfather Gregory said to himself, "I shall go along the lane to the village today, to the garden shop, and I'll buy some flowering plants. I shall also get my wheelbarrow mended. It's got a little wobble in the wheel."



Grandfather Gregory wheeled the wheelbarrow,
wobble wobble wobble down the lane.
Tucked in his pocket was a one pound note.

"It's enough for the mending of the wobble
in the wheel, and enough left over for the
flowers," he said. "I'll have pansies and
petunias and little white alyssum—ten of
each for my flower-bed."



Soon Grandfather Gregory came to a farm.
A sad little piglet was standing by the gate.

"He wants to go to the fair," said the farmer.

"But it's too long a walk for a piglet's
short legs."

"Poor little chap!" said Grandfather Gregory.

"Put him in the barrow. I'll take him to
the fair."

Grandfather Gregory wheeled the wheelbarrow,
wobble wobble wobble down the lane.
The extra weight of the farmer's little piglet
made the wobble in the wheel much worse.



"Oh dear me!" said Grandfather Gregory.
"That's more for the mending of the wobble
in the wheel, and less left over for the flowers.
I shall only be able to buy six each of pansies
and petunias and little white alyssum."



Soon Grandfather Gregory came to a house.
Mrs Jason was standing by the door.

"I want to take this parcel to my sister,"
she said. "It's her birthday today, and this
is her present. But I'm baking a cake, so
I can't leave the house."

"It's a nice big parcel," said
Grandfather Gregory. "Put it in the barrow.
I'll take it to your sister."



Grandfather Gregory wheeled the barrow,
wobble wobble wobble down the lane.
The extra weight of Mrs Jason's parcel
made the wobble in the wheel even worse.

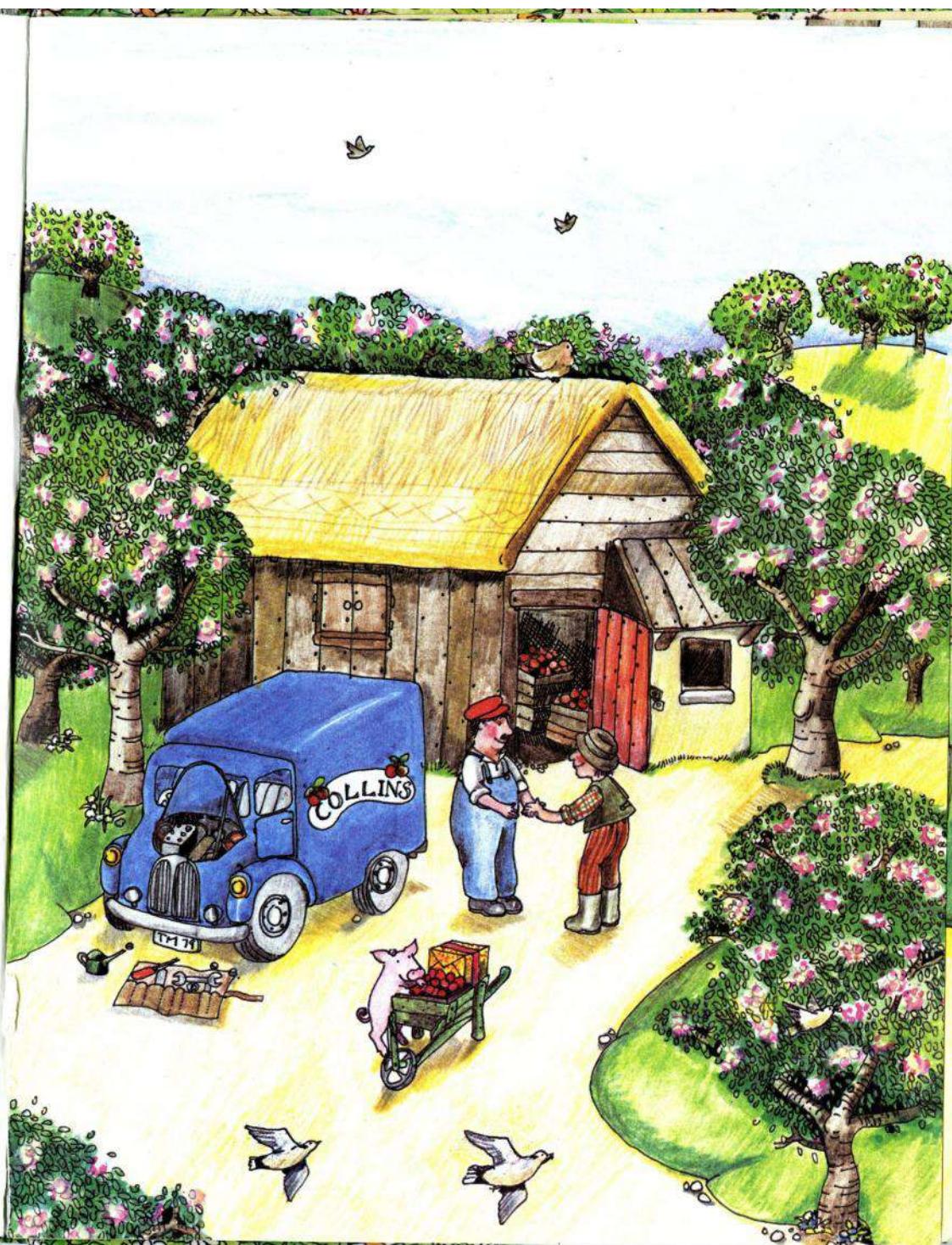
"Oh dear me!" said Grandfather Gregory.
"That's even more for the wobble in
the wheel, and even less for the flowers.
I shall only be able to buy three each
of pansies and petunias and little
white alyssum."



Soon Grandfather Gregory came to an orchard.
Mr Collins was standing by his van.

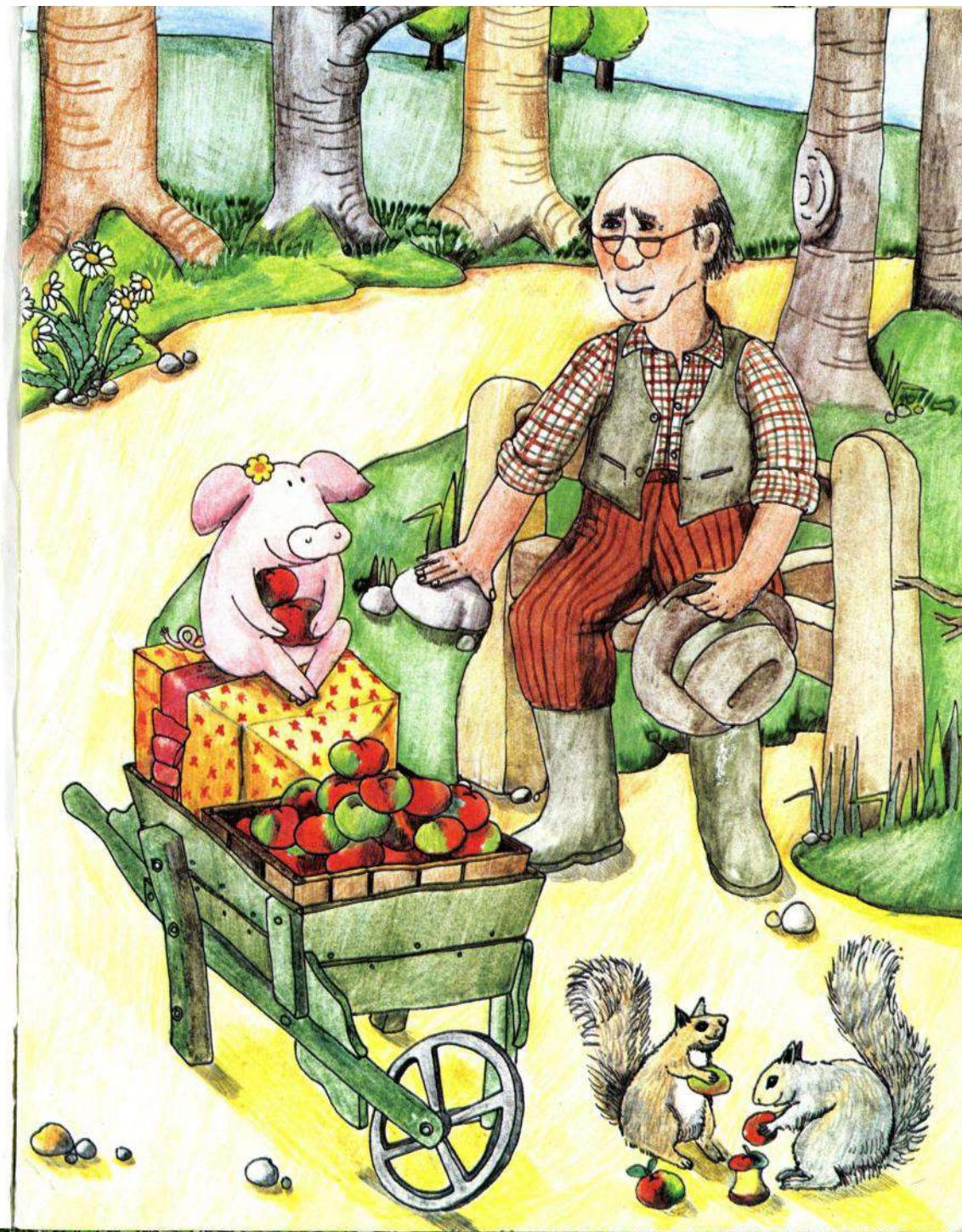
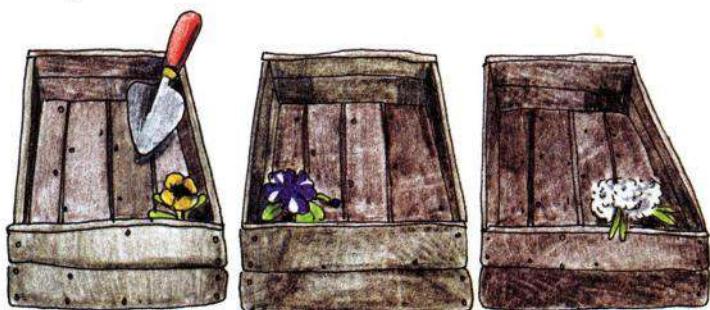
"I want to take these apples to the market," he said. "I've packed them in a crate. But my van has broken down."

"Those are fine red apples," said Grandfather Gregory. "Put them in the barrow. I'll take them to the market."



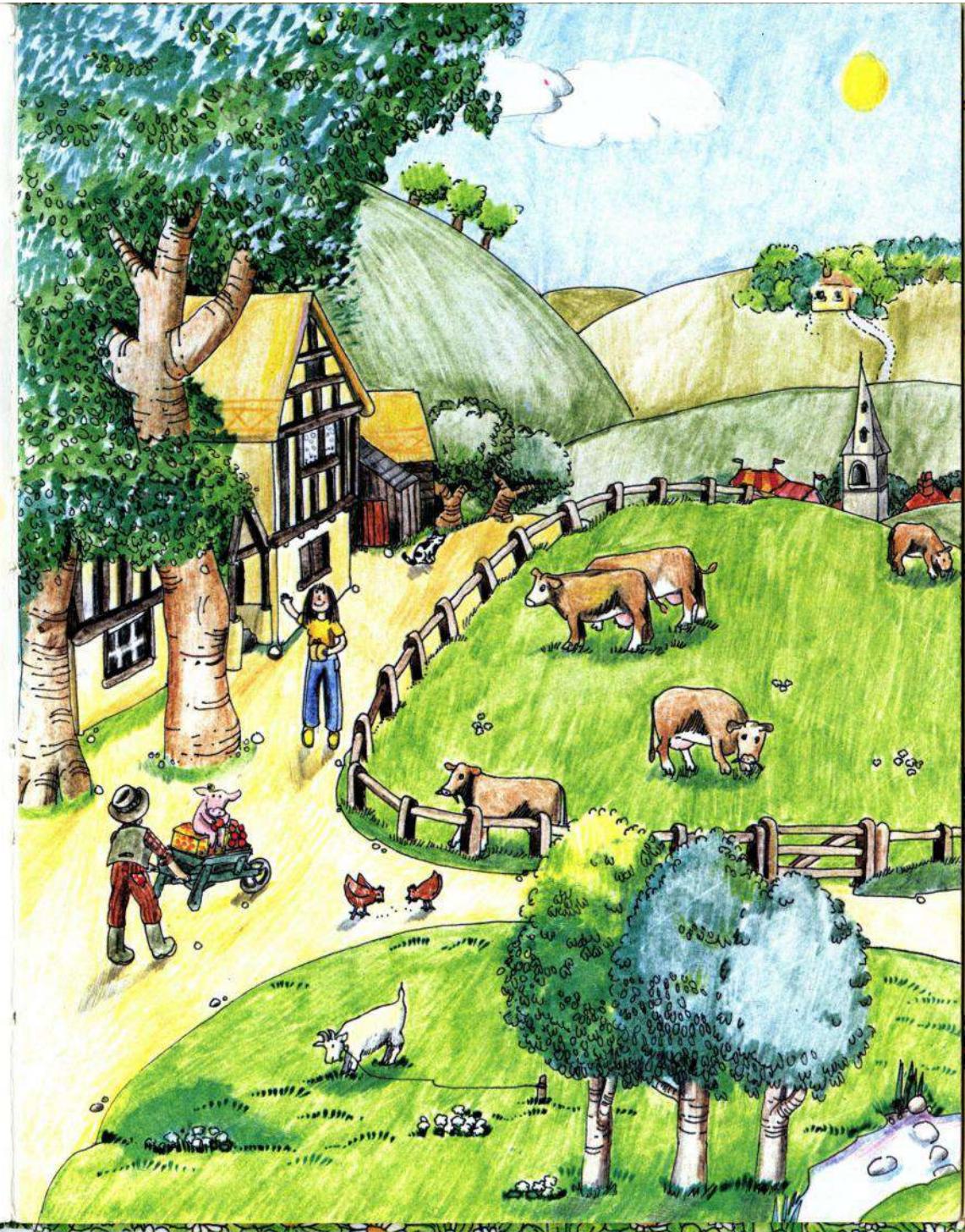
Grandfather Gregory wheeled the wheelbarrow,
wobble wobble wobble down the lane.
The extra weight of the crate full of apples
made the wobble in the wheel much,
much worse.

"Oh dear me!" said Grandfather Gregory.
"That's much, much more for the wobble
in the wheel, and much, much less for the
flowers. I shall only be able to buy one
each of pansies and petunias and little
white alyssum."



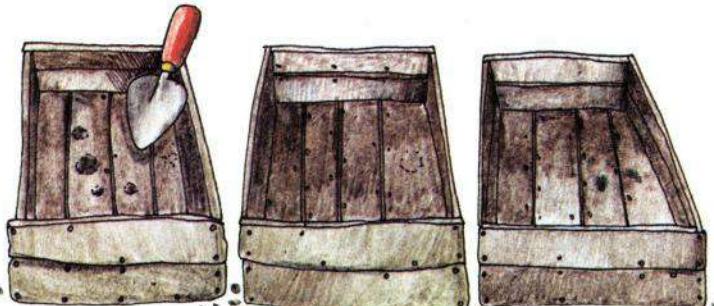
Soon Grandfather Gregory came to a cottage. Mrs Mackenzie was standing in the lane. "My son Johnnie wants his sandwiches," she said. "He went off to school this morning and forgot them."

"He'll be hungry at dinner time," said Grandfather Gregory. "Put them in the barrow. I'll take them to the school."

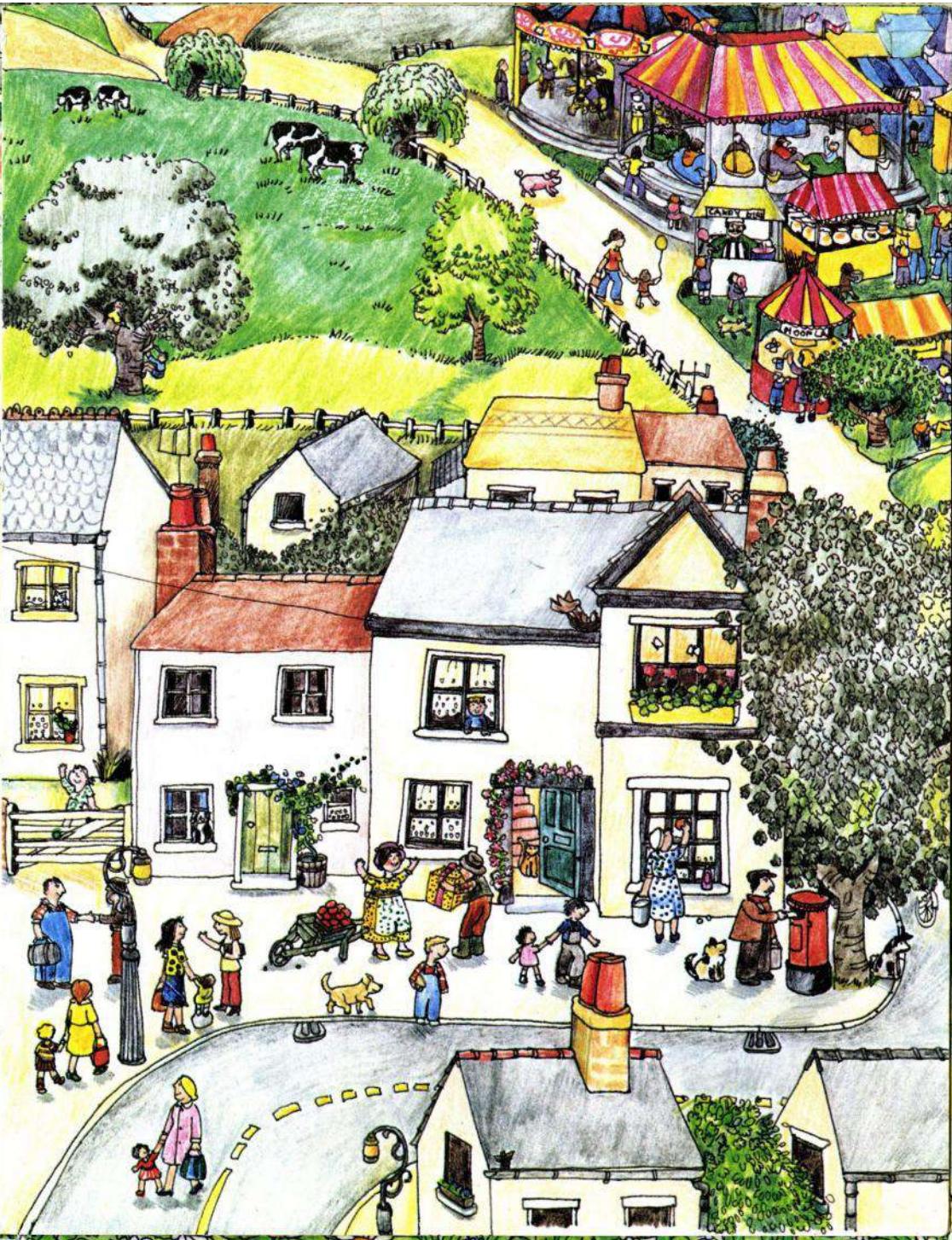


Grandfather Gregory wheeled the wheelbarrow,
wobble wobble wobble to the village.
Wobble wobble wobble worse than ever!

"Oh dear me!" said Grandfather Gregory.
"That's *all* the money for the wobble in the
wheel, and *nothing* left over for the flowers.
So I can't have any pansies at all, nor
petunias, nor little white alyssum."



First he took the farmer's little piglet to
the fair.
Then he took the parcel to Mrs Jason's sister.



Then he took the crate full of apples to the market.

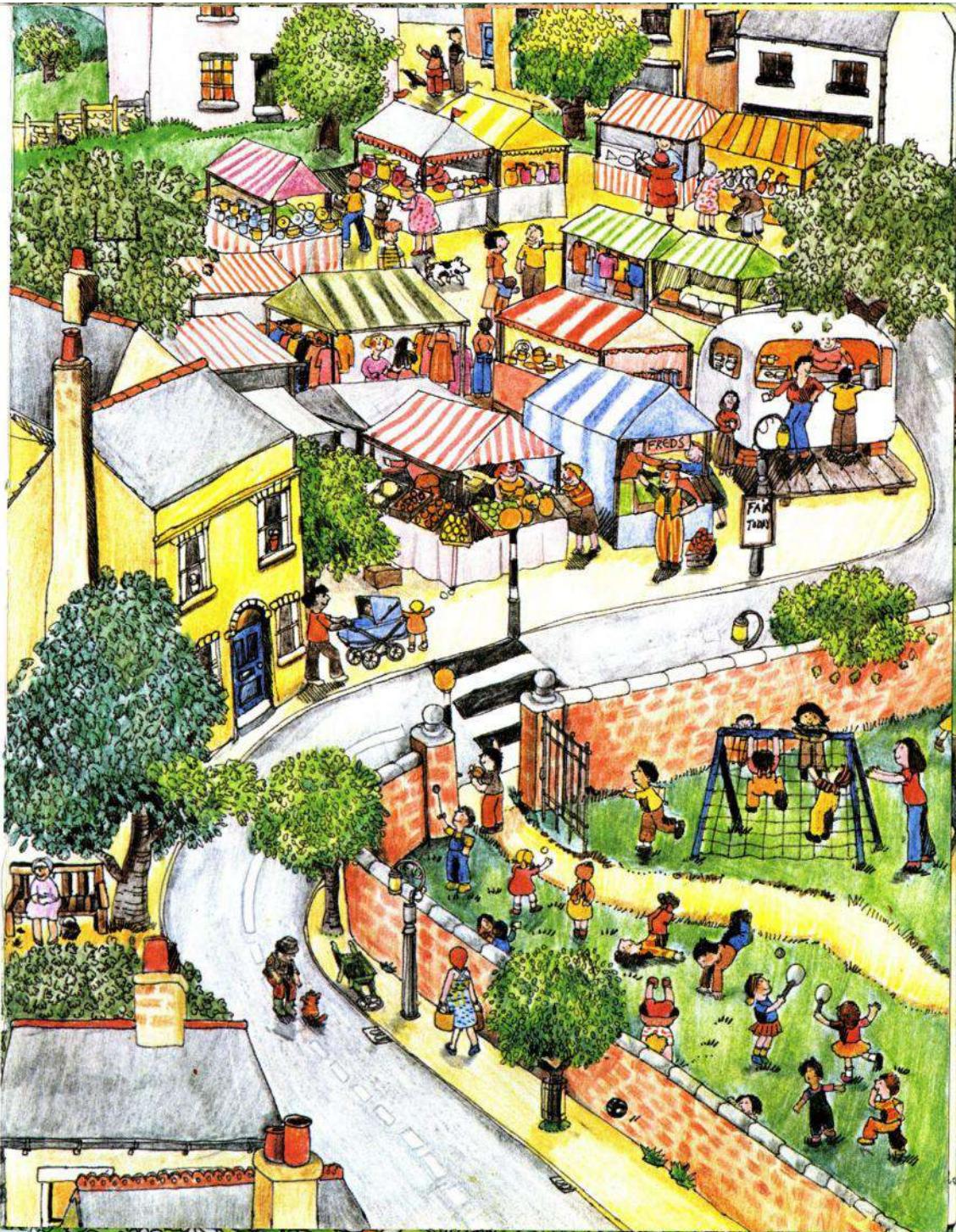
Then he took the sandwiches to school, for Johnnie.

As he wheeled the wheelbarrow, wobble wobble wobble away from the school, he met a little cat. The little cat mewed, to show that she was lost.

Grandfather Gregory knelt down beside her, and looked at the name and address on her collar.

"So you live at the garden shop," he said.

"Now isn't that lucky. That's exactly where I'm going. Jump in my barrow, and I'll take you home."



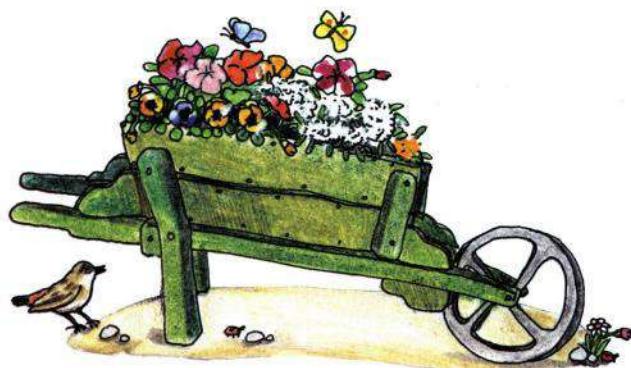
Grandfather Gregory wheeled the wheelbarrow,
wobble wobble wobble to the garden shop.
“Look,” he said. “I’ve brought your little cat.”
The garden shop lady had been crying. Now
she smiled, because her little cat was home again.

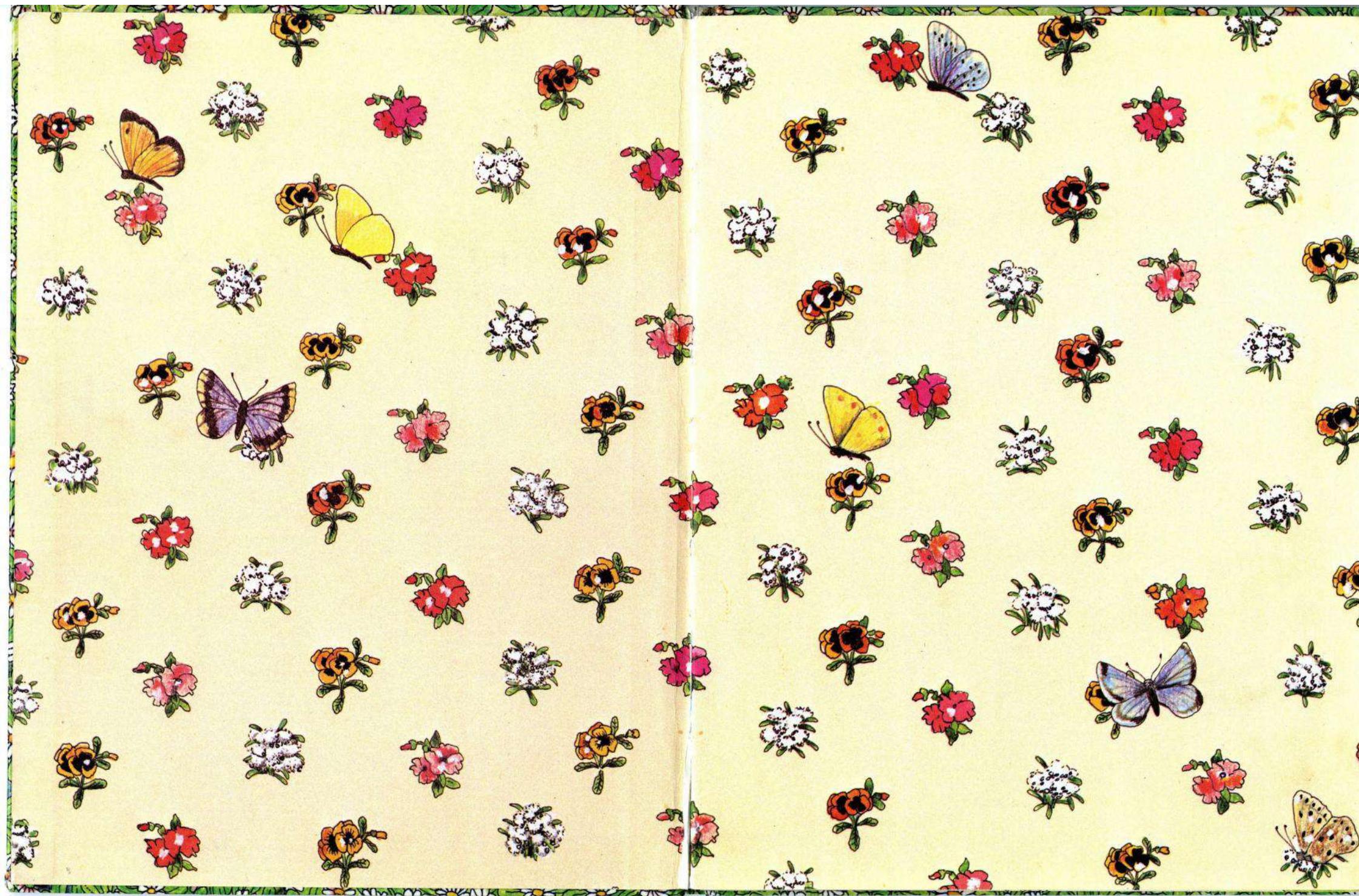
The lady’s husband wheeled the wheelbarrow,
wobble wobble wobble to his workshop to
mend it.
“There’s nothing to pay. Oh no!” he said.
“Because you brought our little cat home.”

The garden shop lady filled the wheelbarrow
full to the top with flowering plants:
pansies, petunias and little white alyssum.

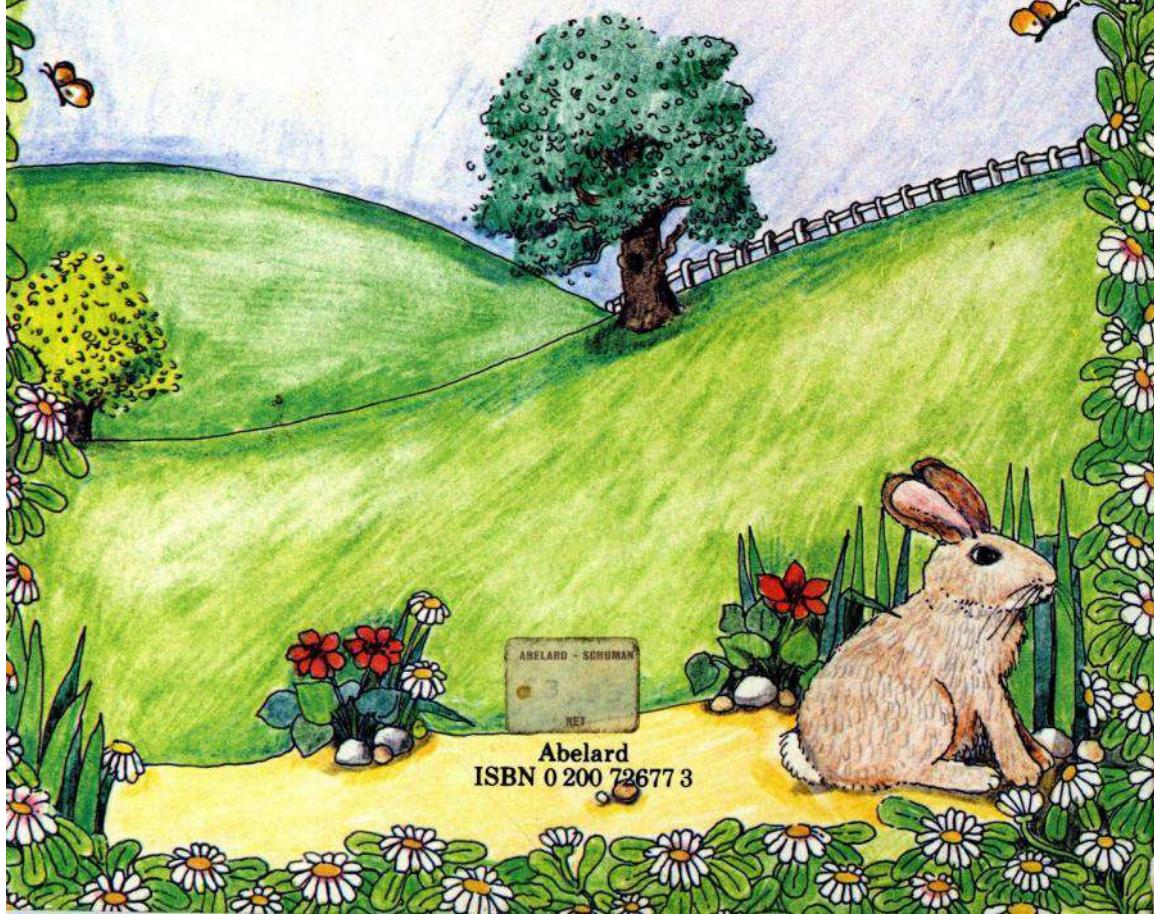


Grandfather Gregory whistled to himself as he wheeled the wheelbarrow back to his cottage. By the time the sun began to set, his flower-bed was as beautiful as never before, full of pansies and petunias, and little white alyssum.





Grandfather Gregory loves to help his neighbours. But the more he carries for them in his wheelbarrow the more it wobbles. The more wobbly it becomes the more it will cost him to have it mended and the less he will have to spend on the flowers that he so dearly wants for his garden. Grandfather Gregory's kindness, however, is rewarded in a very surprising way.



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